

Boston, May 25, 1838.

Dear George:

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It is a week, this day, since I left Philadelphia, unharmed by flaming fire, uninjured by sufficient violence; for the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever! Trust not in appearances — not even where all looks sober, placable, tranquil. "The city of brotherly love," forsooth! where freedom of speech is hunted in the streets like a felon, and it is at the peril of one's life a word is spoken in behalf of the perishing slave, and riot and arson reign supreme over law and order! Howbeit, out of the wrath of man shall come the praise of God. Why, then, do the heathen rage? or mobocrats imagine a vain thing?

The spirit of mobocracy, like the pestilence, is contagious; and Boston is once more ready to reenact the riotous scenes of 1835. — The Marlboro' Chapel having just been completed, and standing in relation to our cause just as did Pennsylvania Hall, is an object of pro-slavery malevolence. Ever since my return, threats have been given out that the Chapel should share the fate of the Hall. Last evening was the time for its dedication; and so threatening was the aspect of things, four companies of light infantry were ordered to be in readiness, each being provided with 100 ball cartridges, to rush to the scene of riot on the tolling of the bells. The lancers, a powerful body of horsemen, were also in readiness. During the day, placards were posted at the corners of the streets, denouncing the abolitionists, and calling upon the citizens to rally at the Chapel in the evening, in order to put them down. An immense concourse of people assembled,

a large proportion doubtless from motives of curiosity, and not a few of them with evil designs; but, owing to the strong military preparations, the multitude refrained entirely from any overt acts of violence. They did not disperse till after 10 o'clock, and during the evening shouted and yelled like a troop of wild savages. Some ten or twelve were seized, and carried to the watch-house, and this morning fined for their disorderly conduct. To-day, the public mind is more tranquil. It is possible, however — perhaps probable — that we shall be disturbed at our meetings next week; but we can beat our opponents at least two to one at that game. Non-resistance versus brickbats and bowie-knives! Omnipotence against a worm of the dust! Divine law against lynch law! How unequal!

What kind of a dedication discourse do you suppose Charles Fitch — the flaming abolitionist — gave last evening? Remember that the Chapel was founded mainly by abolitionists, upon the rock of universal emancipation, and to advance the cause of humanity and free discussion. It was to be expected, therefore, that the dedicatory address would set forth the reasons for the erection of such a building, and contain some stirring abolition sentiments — though, peradventure, they might partake of an "evangelical" character. But, no! Charles Fitch has proved that he cares as little for the cause he once so furiously espoused, as he is ignorant of true righteousness. Ridiculous as it may seem, and incredibly out of place, it is nevertheless true that he gave a hum-drum discourse about the Sabbath, infant sprinkling, and the sacrament! Not a word about the object for which the Chapel was erected — not an syllable, either in the sermon or prayers, about the poor slave!

I have to communicate sad, heart-rending tidings about our dear and noble-spirited Mrs. Maria W. Chapman. Probably by the time this reaches you, she will be no more. How awful, how sudden this transition from active life to inanimate clay! Mrs. C. took a very active part in the Anti-Slavery Convention of Women in Philadelphia, and was consequently in a high state of mental excitement, which has resulted in a brain fever. She got as far as Stonington on her return home, where she now lies — a raving maniac. There is no hope of her recovery. Her loss to our cause will be greater than any we have experienced. As a personal friend, I shall miss her cheering countenance and ready aid, exceedingly. Just before she left for P. she was making vigorous and successful efforts to secure a salary for me, and had got the arrangements partly completed. I know not now what I shall do. I earnestly hope, for many good reasons, and especially on my own account, that you will not fail to attend our Convention next week. Between you and bro. May, something definite might be brought about as to my salary. Do come, if possible — otherwise, there is no prospect that Helen and myself will be able to visit Brooklyn this summer; for bro. Johnson cannot take my place, unless I guarantee to him an adequate salary — and how can I pay him, unless I am paid myself? Friend Knapp is not, and will not be able to do any thing for me, even to the amount of a farthing. I am indebted to Lucy for board; and had to borrow thirty dollars of her, besides, to go to New-York and Philadelphia. If you can come, there will be no difficulty about an arrangement.

I regret to say that Ann, the excellent young woman who is living with us, and who encouraged us to hope that she would accompany us to Brooklyn, has changed her mind, in consequence of her mother being in poor health, and thinking she would be homesick so far distant from her parents. Helen says she shall not be willing to go to Brooklyn, unless help can be procured for mother. Let us hear from you, soon, if you cannot visit us. Should you come, you will of course put up with us.

I want to hear something about your meetings at New-Haven. Shame on your Legislature, with regard to the right of suffrage! I am surprised that so small a minority voted in favor of striking out the word "white." The representatives from Windham county acted manfully - i. e. a majority of them.

Single.
George W. Benson,
Brooklyn,
Connecticut.

Yesterday Helen and myself called to see Abby Scott. She is desirous of going into the country, this summer, with her three children - and would much prefer going to Brooklyn, if she can be accommodated with board. Helen told her that perhaps Lucy Scarborough would be willing to take her at a low rate, as Mr. Scott is very poor at present. Will you make inquiries of Lucy, and let me know the result when you write? Abby eats no meat, drinks neither tea nor coffee, and is a practical Grahamite. She would delight to be in B. with us this season. We sympathize with her very much.

Good by, dear George! Kiss your little ones for us - ours are doing finely. My health is better, and Helen is very well. Love abundantly to Catherine, mother, sisters, all. Yours, ever in love, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.